

Northern Messenger

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PHOEBE ! PHOEBE !

The fields are brown and the skies are gray,
And the streams are bound in the Frost
King's sway;
The desolate earth lies bare and cold,
And the March wind whistles on wood and
wold.
I wonder how long till the brooks are free
And the birds come—listen !

'Phoebe ! Phoebe !'

O brave little heart! from the raw, chill wind
I shiver and shrink, my snug doors behind;
But you in the leafless branches dwell
And over and over your name you tell.
'No matter how dreary the skies may be,
I wait for the sunshine—

Phoebe ! Phoebe !'

And see! from the gray of the dull March
skies
A shaft of gold at my window lies;
And out of the brown earth reaching up,
The crocus is holding her dainty cup.
And the catkins swell on the willow-tree—
True prophet are thou,
Phoebe, Phoebe.

Unclouded blue is the bright March sky;
The wind has swept all the dark clouds by;
And there in the copse, where the wee brown
buds

Are swelling and bursting their glossy hoods,
A little bird's throat is just splitting with
glee—

The sunshine has come to

Phoebe, Phoebe.

—May Hastings Nottage in the 'Christian.'

The Spirit of Service.

(By Rev. Walter B. Vassar, in 'The Standard'.)

How few there are among the people of our churches who know much of a service for the Master, which can by any extension of charity be called a consecrated service. The thought of a grudging service would be repelling, and yet a coming up and laying all on the altar is more than the most of us can boast. And yet such a life is really the only happy one. Nothing which falls short of a consuming love for the Master can afford real and lasting joy. We are grateful to the men who have set us examples of this,

men who have been the inspiration of the church in their consecrated lives.

Our attention has been called to one such, the life of a humble man whose thought of self was so little, his thought of his Master could be great. Uncle John Vassar, a name now gone over the Christian world, lived a life among his fellow-men which illustrates our thought of a service so unreserved, that the word 'consecration' truly fits it. In the introduction which the lamented Dr. A. J. Gordon penned for the volume, 'The Fight of Faith,' he says: 'His was a life so absolutely given up to God that I believed it would have been literally impossible for him

to give more. The language of earth, its chatter, its frivolity, its idle speaking, was a foreign speech to him, while the language of heaven was his true mother-tongue.'

And this is the man who has the reputation of leading more souls to Jesus by personal effort than any other since the days of the apostles. He loved his Master so well, that coming out of a church where a prominent pastor had preached, he took the arm of his friend, with tearful eyes, and a quivering lip said, 'Oh, T——, he never mentioned the name of Jesus once !' To see that this was far removed from mere sentiment, let us take a glimpse of this worker whose soul was always aflame.

A young man had appeared several times in a series of revival meetings, whose hand Uncle John had failed to grasp. And so one morning he made a journey of several miles afoot to his home, arriving as the family were about to partake of an early dinner. Invited to join them, Uncle John soon discovered the young man he wished to see was absent, and excusing himself from eating, he began a search through all the farm buildings where a man might hide away. When about to give up the search, he walked to the further end of the corner, and there in an old hogshead found the soul he was seeking, and won him; for he leaped over by the trembling sinner's side, and in a few moments it could be said of him as of Saul of Tarsus: 'Behold, he prayeth.' And this, too, at a moment when the runaway was congratulating himself that Uncle John would never find him there. What matters a cold dinner to a man with a warm heart! When the disciples urged their Master to eat the food they had brought, he said, 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.' But we shall know of this 'meat,' if we have the spirit of service.

To men of this class opportunities for service are multiplying all the time; and if they should not, they make them to order. Going to assist a pastor in New England whom he had never met, the pastor reports that within five minutes after he had greeted Uncle John at the train, his work began on that field. On the way to the parsonage, mention being made of a blacksmith whose door they were passing, this 'winner of souls' walked right in, and before the astonished pastor's eyes the smith put down the foot of the horse he was shoeing, and went with Uncle John behind the forge to pray. The pastor had failed after years of labor to engage the smith in religious interest. On the alert for work to do are men like this. They are like men with rod or gun looking for game.

And what is our mission in this world? Surely not to get out of it with all speed, but to get as many to go with us as we can—where we hope to go. The nature of God's kingdom is such that our selfish life unfits us for either entering it or enjoying it. It is a gate so straight that if one desires to come alone he shall not pass it, but if he brings others with him it is open wide.

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the
goal;

While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the blessed
are.

Passing along the highway, this worker

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MRS. W. M. POZER 3 cop

stooped and saluted a man loading his team with wood. He was found to be the deacon in the little church in the place, and to the inquiry made, he confessed he feared his wife was not a Christian. Uncle John got permission to call upon her, the deacon the meanwhile continuing his work till it dawned upon him that here was a man more interested in his wife's conversion than he himself. Unhitching his horses, the deacon started for the barn with them, and arrived at the house just in time to hear his wife pray herself into the kingdom. A fire was started on that hearth which spread till forty-two others joined the little church.

Dr. Andrew Bonar, who writes the preface to this record of thirty years of toil, invites us to 'come and see a man in real earnest for souls.' On every page of this 'Life' this fact stands forth. And through it all nothing is more prominent than the spirit of service, for which this anxious world is waiting. We have no right to call ourselves disciples unless we seek for a goodly measure of it.

Royal Laborers.

The crowned heads of Europe and others of royal blood, says the New York 'Journal,' have proved that knowledge of a trade or of professional matters does not disqualify one from being considered in good social standing. It is a fact that almost all the reigning monarchs to-day have either learned by practical experience some trade or calling, or else devoted themselves to some branch of science in which they have become really expert.

Queen Amelia of Portugal is a born milliner. She has a room set apart in the palace where hats and bonnets are continually in process of construction for the queen. In no affair of the kingdom does her highness take more interest than in the work that goes on under the deft hands of the milliner from Paris. Queen Amelia sometimes will devote an entire morning to millinery work, just as if she were an apprentice of the Parisian woman, and she fashions all sorts of remarkable contrivances, and also creates new fashions.

The taste of the queen is excellent, and if anything were to happen to the royal family the queen could go to Paris and be sure of finding remunerative employment in a high-class millinery establishment.

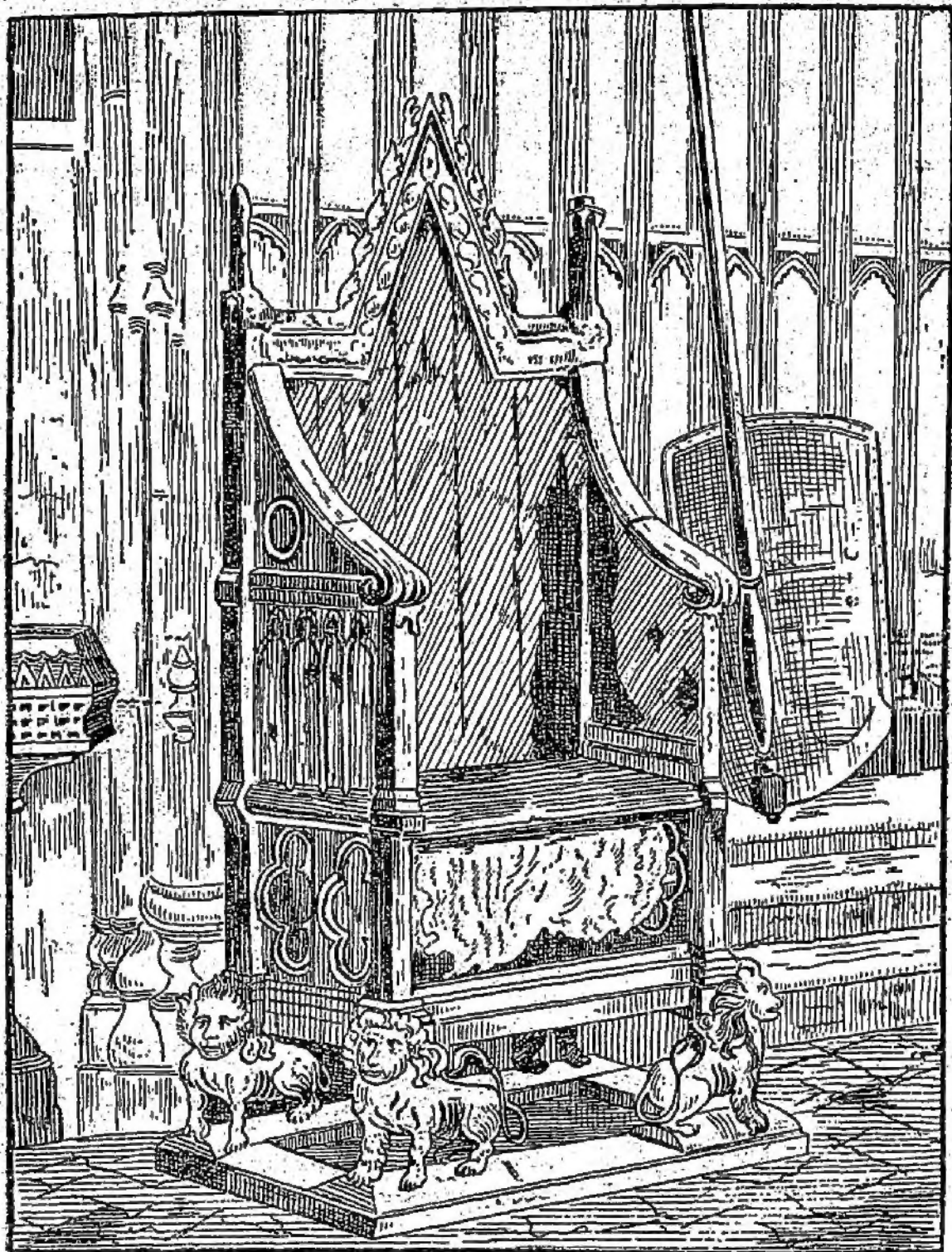
The Czar of Russia believes that to till the soil is the noblest occupation for man. Before he became the Czar he took a practical course in agriculture. He can plough, reap and sow, and he can milk a cow. The care of horses and cattle he understands thoroughly. In fact, there is very little about farm work of which he is ignorant.

The Emperor William is probably the most versatile of all the rulers of Europe. There is nothing that he has turned his hand to that he has not accomplished. His particular fad, so far as trades are concerned, is printing, and it is related of him that not long ago, after he had composed a piece of music, he went into printing office, 'set up' and corrected the music, and made it ready to be printed.

King Humbert of Italy is the only royal cobbler. He is an expert at either making or mending shoes. There are several pairs of very excellent footgear in the royal apartments which testify to his skill in the noble trade sacred to St. Crispin. The king is also an artist and paints with no little skill.

King Oscar of Sweden is an expert woodsman. He can fell a tree with the ease of a veteran woodchopper. He braves the severest weather to secure his favorite exercise.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York is a



THE CORONATION CHAIR AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

An engraving of the chair of St. Edward is of much interest. It was brought, with regalia, from Scotland, by King Edward I., in the year 1279, after he had overcome John Balliol, King of Scots, in several battles, and offered to St. Edward's shrine. The stone under the seat is reported to be Jacob's pillow. In this chair all the reigning sover-

eigns have been crowned since Edward I. The other chair was made for Queen Mary II. At the coronation one or both of them are covered with gold tissue, and placed before the altar, behind which they now stand. The Queen sat in the Chair of St. Edward at the Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey.

ropemaker. He learned to do the trick in his seafaring days. An old sailor taught him. The duke is as good a ropemaker as he is a sailor, and no better seaman walks the decks of Her Majesty's fleet.

The Princess of Wales is an expert dairymaid. She knows all about what to do with the morning and evening milkings. She can discuss cream separators learnedly, and knows how to churn.—'Wellspring.'

Human Responsibility.

Daniel Webster was present one day at a dinner party given at the Astor House by some New York friends, and in order to draw him out, we are told that one of the company put to him the following question: 'Would you please tell us, Mr. Webster, what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?'

Mr. Webster merely raised his head, and, passing his hand slowly over his forehead, said, 'Is there any one here who doesn't know me?'

'No, sir!' was the reply; 'we all know you, and are your friends.'

'Then,' said he, looking over the table, 'the most important thought that ever occupied my mind was that of my individual responsibility to God.'—'Forward.'

The 'Messenger' Appreciated.

Elder J. N. Kitchen, of Westzell, Mich., who has introduced a club of 'Northern Messenger' into the Sabbath-school, says that a lonely feeling crept over him when he received a copy of his old Sabbath-school paper, as he had not seen a copy for many years. He considers it as good as ever, if not better.

Entertainment For All.

'In trying to add my tribute of praise for your little paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' I would say that in every issue there is something to entertain and inform those of mature years. There is no household where the children should be without it, as its cheapness brings it within the reach of all.

JAMES JACKSON,
Supt. Sunday-School,

Chesley P.O., Ont.

Mistaken Policy.

I think that many of our Canadian schools make a mistake in sending across the line for Sunday-school papers, when we have such good ones at home. Some of the United States papers are indeed very good and strive to teach patriotism, but it is hardly the patriotism we wish to see instilled into our Canadian young people. I have written you before telling you something of how I esteem the 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger.'

T. ALBERT SCHOLLES,
Asst. Supt. Meth. S.S.

Killarney, Man.

For Honor's Sake.

(E. Boyd Bayly in 'Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER I.

It was a summer evening. The high winds that blow so often in summer over the plains of Canterbury, New Zealand, were lashing themselves into a gale. A heavy bank of cumulus cloud, like vast heaps of snow resting on their own gray shadow, swept majestically along the sky over the Port Hills, catching the higher crests as it went by, and swathing them in its level folds. The tops of the hills were dark and purple in the shade it cast. Farther down, fitful gleams of sunshine chased the shadows over the great, bossy slopes, and touched the dark plantations, and stretches of yellow tussocks on the plains below.

Through the district of Rakawahi (which means 'Sunny Corner') a little river wound its way towards the sea. In the distance it looked like nothing but a winding bed of water-cress, so choked was it by that imported pest of New Zealand water-courses;

ported him. Grief, such as sets its mark upon the rest of life, wrung out those heavy sobs convulsing the childish frame. Then he would lift himself, and tear handfuls of grass from the tussocks, kneading them on the ground in his impotent wrath.

'I'll kill him. I'll have it out of him, I will. I will. I'll serve him out—beast! Oh, mother—mother. Father!'

It was his birthday, and his father was dead. He was hired out for the summer—poor little man, only eleven years old that day; but workers were scarce in New Zealand then, and any bright boy of eleven had his price. This was a Saturday. He had been promised, ever since he came, that he should go home this evening and stay over Sunday with his mother, and the other boy on the farm had tricked him out of it.

It was a horrible thing to do, and it was done so cunningly. A good neighbor who was driving in to Christchurch that evening had offered to take him. Davie had been up at four o'clock to hurry his work, in a fever all day for fear of being late when Mr. Law-

they went a few hundred yards up the stream to a bend sheltered by the willows, where was a stretch of water comparatively free from cress. Davie plunged in: he could swim like a duck, and though he meant to stay in only a minute, the cool water was so delicious that he lingered, splashing and swimming round a clear space. He thought Ned was on the other side of a mass of water cress.

'I'm coming out now, he called. No answer. Davie swam to the bank and came out, shaking himself like a dog. Not a sign of Ned was to be seen, nor of his own clothes either.

The poor little fellow called and searched wildly—in vain. He had seen looked into every place where clothes could be, on that side of the river. Then he remembered thinking, when Ned answered him—from the water as he supposed—that he must have swum quite over to the other side. He could never have swum at all. With a sudden thought, Davie plucked up courage—glided between the willow-stems, and shot along an open bit to where a plank was laid across the stream—crossed it, and hid himself among the Maori-heads on the other side. The ground between them was soft, after recent rain. Davie spied a foot-step; he darted to it, his little bare feet hardly touching the ground, and tracked in and out among the stumps, in terror and despair, till a glimpse of white casico caused a bound of hope. He sprang towards it. There were his clothes all right, rolled together under the drooping grass on a low stump; and clothes are liberty! clothes are power!

With trembling hands he threw them on, hindering himself by excess of haste—wiped his little feet with his soiled socks, and put on the clean ones. But he dared not stay to take the working clothes back to the house; the risks were too dreadful. He rolled them into a bundle and set off, plunging over the round uncertain ground, to where the high road ran through the waste. This was his nearest way to the cross-road where Mr. Lawson was to pick him up.

The roads, in that level region, are more than Roman in their straightness. As the boy scrambled up the highway-side, he saw a buggy draw up where the roads crossed, hundreds of yards away. It was a moment of agony, yet of exultation also, for he was sure Mr. Lawson would wait for him. But scarcely had the buggy stopped, when a small figure sprang in. Mr. Lawson drove cheerfully away with the wrong boy, pleased to be doing a kindness, and Davie was left alone upon the bank.

He shouted and ran, but only for a moment: it was so plainly useless. Then, for a cruel half-hour, he waited at the corner, nursing a faint hope that that buggy was not the Lawson's. He knew it was, all the time: he knew the make of it and the gray horse, at any distance; and that must have been Ned who got in. Davie had not learned the language of swearing, but the spirit of it was in his heart. He wished he did know any words bad enough to curse Ned with.

It was of no use to sit there. With a child's instinct for seeking help from his elders, Davie took up his bundle and toiled wearily back by the way he came. The wind rose higher and higher, and whistled through the tossing Maori-heads. They thrashed to and fro to the gale: so did the weeping-willow beside the plank. Davie liked the storm: it felt something like thrashing Ned.

But as he reached the farther side of the



MAORI-HEADS.

but walking along its banks you discovered clear pools and spaces where the obstreperous plant had failed to cover it. A little below the so-called 'township' (a few houses not quite as far apart as the rest were) the river flowed past a wilderness of Maori-heads. Over scores of acres the ground was full of thick stumps of peaty earth, two or three feet high, each bearing a crown of long coarse drooping grass, like unkempt hair. The effect was that of a forest of oaks new-pollarded, standing deep in a lake of earth instead of water, wearing wild wigs. The stumps are like peat; the people cut them, and use them for fuel. The soil, when cleared, is rich in the extreme. I dare say that waste of Maori-heads has long been cleared and brought under the plough. Twenty-five years ago, their hard yellow locks streamed and rattled in the wind, a contrast to the mild weeping-willow on the other side of the stream, flinging its soft green leaves as the blast directed, with only a whispered reinonstrance.

Not far from the willows a little boy lay on the bank, in an agony of grief and rage. It was more than a childish passion that trans-

son came to the cross-roads. He could hardly pretend to swallow his tea. The clock had stopped; he had to ask Mrs. Lawson what was the time by her watch, and on the third time of asking, she was cross and said, 'Bother the child, you have lots of time. Just do the knives and fetch in another bucket of water, and then you can get ready. You'll be long before time, then.'

Davie had not been used to sharp words at home, and they frightened him very much.

'I'll mind the time for you—sec,' said Ned, the other boy, two years older than Davie, who rejoiced in an old silver watch which went occasionally. He pulled it out now and displayed it, without saying that it was twenty-five minutes behind time.

'I'll do your knives. Come and have a bathe—there's lots of time,' he said.

Davie was surprised, for Ned was not usually inclined to do a stroke of work that he could avoid. But being very ready to trust his fellow creatures, he fetched his Sunday clothes to dress in, after the bathe, and took up his bucket. Ned took another, and they ran down to the pump at the riverside, filled the buckets, and left them standing while

stream, the anguish of his loss overpowered him; he threw himself on the ground and cried, as we have seen. He cried till he had no tears left. Then he sat up, shivering, and pressed his hands tightly to his throbbing head. What would his mother think, if he did not come? She might think he had done something wrong and was being punished for it.

Stung into new life, the child started up, determined to walk home. The distance was twelve miles; but some one might give him a lift. He had to do the knives, though, and to tell Mrs. Foster what had become of Ned. Mr. Foster had gone off on a long round, early that morning, to be absent till Monday, when Davie was to have returned with him.

The boy's knees trembled as he walked back to the house. He could not help knowing that he was tired out; but he was going to walk home, none the less: the longing for his mother was unendurable.

'Why, Davie! Mr. Lawson will be gone by,' exclaimed Emmie Foster, as the weary child entered the kitchen, carrying one of the water-buckets. How heavy it had grown!

'He is gone,' said Davie, in a trembling voice. 'Ned hid my clothes away and went instead of me.' Somehow, as soon as he began to speak in the presence of Ned's aunt, fear took the place of indignation.

'What nonsense, child. Why, Ned was here only this minute,' said Mrs. Foster.

But on calculation it proved that the minute was a long one, and Ned had not been seen since he walked off with Davie.

'It was him, I know,' said Davie quietly.

'Then it was too bad of him,' Mrs. Foster admitted. 'But what a little silly you must have been to let him get off with your clothes.'

The child's pale face flushed crimson. It was what he had felt most keenly all the time—Ned had successfully made a fool of him.

'I'm going to walk home, Mrs. Foster,' he said.

'No, you're not,' she answered sharply. 'Who ever heard of such a thing! Why, you'd kill yourself, and never get there. Your mother would be very angry if you tried, so just stop here and do your knives. Such a storm coming up, too.'

A darker storm was gathering in one little heart, but it made no outward sign.

'Whatever have you been doing to your best suit?' exclaimed Mrs. Foster, discovering that he had it on. 'Why, look here, Emmie! Dirt all over it, before and behind. How ever did you get it like that? It'll never be fit to be seen again.'

She had the child by the shoulders, turning him round and exclaiming. Davie's throat swelled. He nearly choked with his efforts not to cry, but the big tears rolled down in spite of him. They softened her.

'Well, don't fret, child,' she said. 'You shall go home another day, I promise you; and you shall stay up to supper to-night, for you hardly ate a bit of tea. I don't know what you'll have to go in, though,' she added, with a hopeless look at his clothes. She would have said more, but for a lurking fear that their condition might be owing to Ned.

'Never mind, Davie. It will brush off when it gets dry,' said Emmie kindly.

Davie made no answer. It was a climax to this day's humiliations, to have spoiled his Sunday suit—the clothes his mother had made for him, and put in his box with so many tender counsels about taking care of them, for she could not afford to get him any others. He had never once thought about having them on, when he rolled on the ground in his fierce distress.

He went quietly to the room he shared with Ned, and changed to his working suit again, seeing with a sinking heart the ample cause there was for Mrs. Foster's observations. Anger was quiescent now; he was crushed under that utter despair of self which makes the griefs of childhood so intolerable. And he could not get to his mother.

It was no small thing to him that this was his birthday—the one proud day in a child's year, when he is the centre of attention in his home. It was the first birthday without his father, and his mother had asked, as a special favor, that he might come home for it, as it fell on a Saturday. Again, the fear of her thinking he was in disgrace cut his heart. Or she might be afraid something had happened to him.

That was the first thought which turned his mind from his own overwhelming grief. She had trained her children never to sit down and fret over a trouble if anything could be done to mend it; and now, at the thought of her anxiety, his fainting energies revive, and he made a little plan. He came out of his room—cleaned the knives and brought up Ned's bucket of water—then



THEY RAN DOWN TO THE RIVERSIDE.

stole out across the paddocks to the high road. There were often pleasure-parties riding or driving back to Christchurch about this time on a Saturday evening. Somebody might be going down the Coxley Road who would take a message to his mother. The post went out from Rakagahi only twice a week in those days, and he wanted her to hear that very night. He was much too eager to feel any fear or shyness about stopping a stranger. This was like a matter of life or death to him.

First came a man on horseback; he was not going to Christchurch; then a buggy full of lads and girls; they were going by another road. The darkness gathered fast, under the brooding storm. Davie's last hope was beginning to fail him, when a pony-carriage came in sight, with three little girls in it—a dark-bearded gentleman driving. They were going quickly. Davie stepped forward in the wide road, and held up his little hand, saying 'Hi.'

'Halloo, my little man. Have you lost your way?' asked the gentleman, pulling up.

'Are you going to Christchurch?' asked Davie.

'Yes, we are.'

'Down Coxley Road?'

'No, quite another way.' But the great distress in the child's face moved the gentleman to say, 'What is it you want, my man?'

'I want somebody to tell mother I can't come home. I couldn't help it,' said Davie, his voice quivering.

'Is she expecting you?'

'Yes. It's my birthday,' said little Davie; and breaking down altogether, he sobbed out, 'And they said I should go home, and now—I can't.'

Not for worlds would he have owned the shameful reason why. With a quick movement, the gentleman drew him up into the low pony-carriage and held him between his knees. Davie laid his head upon the kind shoulder and sobbed there, pride forgotten in the luxury of having some one to cry to, at last. All the little girls were crying too.

'Could you come if I take you?' the stranger asked.

'No, I mustn't,' said Davie. The law-abiding habit of his life constrained him; and he had remembered, too, that there was no one else to milk the cows; now that Ned was gone.

'What are you doing?'

'I'm on a farm.'

'What does your father do?'

'He's dead,' said Davie, with another burst of sobbing. The father drew him closer.

One of the little girls had a great bunch of roses in her hand. She held it out to Davie; it was all she had to offer. He looked awkward, not knowing what to do.

'Who is your mother?' asked the gentleman.

'Mrs. Marriott,' and Davie added a somewhat confused address.

'We'll drive round there and tell her,' said the gentleman. 'Do you see my little girl wants to give you her roses? Take them.'

Davie obeyed, doubtfully.

'Now they are yours,' said the gentleman, 'Wouldn't you like to give them to your mother? I'll take them to her, if you would.'

Davie opened his eyes wide with sudden pleasure; but as his extremity abated, self-consciousness returned: he hid his face again on his new friend's shoulder, overwhelmed with shyness.

The stranger friend held him close again for a moment, and kissed him.

'Now you must jump down,' he said releasing him. 'Good-bye, my little man. God bless you. We'll be sure to find your mother and give her the roses.'

He drove off, the little girls waving their hands to Davie. The boy watched them out of sight, and turned slowly back again to 'Foster's,' a wondrous thrill of comfort in his heart. He had not found his mother, but he had found love—drunk deep of it, for those few minutes; and the sweetness would linger long.

The clouds swept lower and lower down the hills. With a howl and a rush, the storm broke, and rain came down in torrents upon the umbrellas in the pony-carriage. The little girls were in terror lest their father should take them home before he drove on to Davie's mother. He passed the homeward turning, and all their hearts leaped up. Long before they reached Coxley Road, it was quite dark. The father drove slowly, trying in vain to make out any of the landmarks Davie had given him.

A door opened, and a woman's figure stood out dark against the light behind her, peering into the gloom.

'That's his mother looking out for him, depend on it,' said the gentleman. 'Jump out, Millie, and ask her if she is Mrs. Marriott.'

Millie dashed through the rain, carrying the roses under her umbrella. With a sudden 'Ah,' the watchers saw the nosegay change hands. The mother was found, and three much-relieved little people were driven home to another anxious mother.

When Davie awoke next morning, the first

thing he saw was his Sunday jacket, all streaked with mud. He slipped out of bed, stiff and sore after yesterday, and gently rubbed the cloth together. The mud turned to powder, and fell on his bare feet.

'It does rub off!' he thought, joyfully. 'She said it would, when it was dry.'

It was quite a discovery. Hope revived once more. Davie dressed himself and went out to light the fire and milk the cows. Emmie spoke kindly to him when she appeared; and after breakfast they gave his clothes a good brushing, and the 'clean dirt' all came off, leaving hardly a stain upon them. Davie was able to go to Sunday-school in the afternoon looking respectable, and with no Ned to tease him.

'Ned will catch it when Mr. Foster comes home,' he thought, with satisfaction.

But when Mr. Foster drove up, on Monday, there was Ned beside him, as cool as possible. He had told his uncle that Davie did not care about going home, and went to bathe, so he went instead. It happened that he had had two reasons of his own for wishing particularly to be in town on that Sunday. He had counted on going in with his uncle, and was much disgusted to find his plans frustrated on Davie's account. The plot to supplant him had not been premeditated. It was suggested first by Davie's innocent acceptance of the wrong time; and the hiding of his clothes was an afterthought to complete the business.

Mr. Foster blamed both boys for not obeying orders, but was most displeased with Davie. Davie was too much astonished to say a word, but Emmie spoke up for him, and described how Ned had made off with his clothes.

'Ha, ha.' Mr. Foster had laughed heartily before he was aware. Then he hastily pulled a grim face, and told Ned he was a rascal, and if he ever carried on like that again he should hear of it; but the laugh had sunk too deep into the minds of both boys for the rebuke to make any impression. Ned walked off triumphant, though with enough prickings of conscience to make him vicious towards Davie. Davie bore away a bitter, burning sense of injustice, mingled with his intense, helpless mortification and abasement.

'Sharp chap, Ned,' said Mr. Foster to his wife. 'It was too bad of him, though. I'd give him a flogging, if it wasn't that he would only take it out of Davie.'

And Mrs. Foster, who had no son of her own and was very fond of Ned, agreed in any view of the case likely to spare him punishment. The consequence was that Ned actually mounted the high horse, and twitted Davie for having been so easily 'done.' He found himself armed with quite a new power to hurt the little boy: a safe one, too. He might have been punished, himself, for using bodily violence, but he could wound and lacerate the spirit with impunity.

Davie endured in silence, too proud to complain. When Ned imposed upon him, he did the work without shirking one stroke; but all the time, a burning sense of outrage and wrong consumed his little heart. He was to go home for Christmas, and he laid fierce plots how he and his brother would devise to serve out Ned.

(To be continued.)

Lowly In Heart.

I am sure there are many Christians who will confess that their experience has been very much like my own in this, that we had long known the Lord without realizing that meekness and lowliness of heart are to be the distinguishing feature of the disciple, as they were of the Master.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

The Day Of Salvation.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

(By H. Louisa Bedford, in 'Sunday-School Times'.)

A typical group of young men was gathered one Sunday evening outside the gate of little Greythorp Church. It included most of the lads of the village from sixteen to six-and-twenty, and some stragglers from outside parishes, who, tempted by the beauty of the summer evening, had wandered from their own places of worship to Greythorp. The high persistent note of the five-minutes' bell warned those who cared to listen to it that it was time to enter the church and take their places, and the young men confessedly under the influence of their earnest and hard-working parson, began, a little shamefacedly, to wander up the path towards the church.

With this contingent withdrawn, there remained a contingent of busy mockers who apparently had nothing better to do than to exchange rough jokes with each other, or chaff the passers-by.

'What brings you here, Ted? You've no cause to come our way, you've not even got a girl to trot out. You belong to next shop,' with a nod in the direction of the neighboring village. 'You ain't got no business to come over here and fill up our little place, but prap's you ain't going to-night. I ain't myself, I don't want to crowd out these others.'

A laugh ran round the circle, but Ted Parker, the young fellow addressed, having no repartee ready, simply readjusted his shoulders against the railing where he leaned, to show himself quite at his ease, and turned his head away.

'You go in, Ted, my lad,' said another. 'You won't find it dull nohow. Parson's got a word for us all in turn. He don't let none of us off. We all of us catch it pretty straight from the shoulder. Last Sunday night it was the maids, so very likely he'll talk to us men to-night, and in church or out you're pretty sure to get it. If you don't go parson asks the reason why the first time he comes across you; and if you do, he tells you in the sermon that you're no better than you should be. Why, bless you! Mr. Sharman would have a shy at the devil himself if he got a chance!'

The remark was truer than the jesting speaker was aware of. The Vicar of Greythorp's constant endeavor was to allow the devil no foothold in his parish, if prayer and fasting might avail to keep him out.

'Hurry up, Ted; bell's stopped; and you're sure to hear something to your advantage,' laughed the late speaker. 'Maids had it last Sunday night; it's the young men's turn to-night.'

'Don't mind if I do,' said Ted at last, goaded into speech. He was finding the personal turn the conversation had taken a little oppressive, and was not sorry to effect his escape, even if it involved going to church. Emptying his half-smoked pipe, he shoved it into his pocket and strolled leisurely across the road, and up the flagged path to the church door. There he paused, for the nave seemed full, not an empty seat was to be seen at the back of the church. Ted was on the point of beating a rapid retreat when a farmer, one of the churchwardens, laid an arresting hand on his arm and led him straight up towards one of the front pews, putting him into an empty seat at the end. The time for escape had gone by, and Ted could do nothing but make the best of it. He breathed a little more freely when he found himself surrounded by people of his own class, who apparently seemed quite

happy and composed in a front pew. The first hymn was already being played over, and the vicar from the reading-desk close by, handed him a hymn-book, and he found himself singing almost against his will. The hymn thrilled up and down in irregular waves of sound, and everybody joined in, whether blessed with a voice or not. The choir led and the congregation followed, and they generally came in together at the finish. It was a big sound in a little church, but the parson pleased himself by thinking that rough and imperfect as it was its very heartiness would carry it up to the throne of God. The preponderance of men's voices showed him that there were more men than women in church this evening, for which he thanked God, for his special message was to them to-night.

Ted's attention meanwhile was chiefly taken up in considering the goodly proportions of the vicar. He had seldom had such a good opportunity of a long near view as his prominent seat afforded him. Ted felt a huge contempt for most parsons, but here was a fine one at last, with his great broad shoulders and splendid physique, and he had a sort of way of saying the prayers that compelled attention. The God whom he addressed seemed to be a personal Presence, close at hand, not a vague spirit far away in heaven; and when the time for the sermon arrived Ted, instead of settling himself down in his corner for a nap, prepared himself to listen.

Something very like a smile flitted across his face when the vicar, having given out the text, of which Ted took no note, announced:

'Last Sunday evening I had a word to say to the maids of my flock, and to-night, God helping me, I have a message for the men, notably the young men, of whom, thank God, many are here, for the subject of my sermon is Daniel.'

'So I am going to get it sure enough,' thought Ted, 'but I'll listen to what he's got to say.'

It was an intensely attractive picture that the preacher drew of Daniel, and his three friends, young fellows, 'in whom was no blemish, well-favored, brave, outspoken, self-restrained and self-disciplined, declining the king's food and wine lest they should bring any shadow of dishonor on their God, binding themselves together to serve God first out of pure love and devotion. That love, the vicar pointed out, brought its reward here and now. God gave them the good things of this life as well as of the life to come. Then, passing rapidly from the story of by-gone days to the present time, the vicar reminded his hearers how the example of Daniel might fairly put to shame the young men and lads of almost any town in England.

'Which of you who listen to me is brave enough to give up his wine or his food for the sake of the God who made him? To be drunk, I was told only yesterday, was a manly thing! God forgive the speaker. To-night I would put before you rather this Daniel as a type of manliness, this brave, strong youth, not ashamed to say his prayers upon his knees, mind you, ready to give up on the instant anything that his conscience told him he would do better without. My men and lads, we sorely need a Daniel in every village around us, the young fellow who is not ashamed to own his God, and serve and fight for him if need be. The centre round whom may rally other young men too timid to make the first stand for right themselves. Sin is contagious, I know, but thank God, the enthusiasm of one good man spreads like a fire to those who are brought into contact with him. God

alone knows the hearts of those to whom I talk; there may be one perhaps who all unconsciously has drifted into sin, who began life with a steadfast purpose of serving under God's banner, but has been tempted over to the ranks of the enemy. Is there such an one? God knows, but if there is, I would say to him, 'Pause before it is too late. Come back to the God whose arms are even now open to receive you. It's no easy matter, this coming back. Your companions will scoff, may be, and call you a deserter; but believe me, there are moments in the life of each of us when to desert a wrong cause needs far greater bravery than to stick fast by it. I ask you in the name of Christ to seek forgiveness on your knees this very night for that old bad life which you purpose to leave behind you, and to start to-morrow the only life of perfect freedom, the life that devotes itself in willing glad obedience to the Master. Such a life was Daniel's, such a life, God grant it, may yet be yours.'

Many a time during the sermon Ted shifted uneasily in his seat. Once or twice he looked round him with a sort of smile, just to convince the world at large that the sermon had nothing whatever to do with him, but he could not convince himself! Like the eyes of a good picture, however much he fidgeted, and tried not to listen, the words of the preacher followed him and insisted on being heard, and pierced his heart like winged arrows. He realized it with conscious irritation. What business had the fellow to go on like that? Once outside of the church he would shake himself free of the spell that bound him. But he did not; he breathed the evening air with a sense of relief, but there was still before his mind the thought of what he was and what he might have been. At twenty-one he had pretty well wrecked his life. He lingered behind his companions on the pretence of lighting his pipe, and sat himself under a hedge, and leaning his head on his hands, thought over his past life. It had not been always bad; he had stuck fast by his church and Sunday-school class, and followed Christ afar off, until one Sunday when he had been fairly chaffed into throwing up the latter.

'I don't want to leave you,' he said to his lady teacher, who loved the lad almost like her own brother, 'but it's more than a fellow can bear to be twitted with going to school every Sunday of his life, but I won't forget all you've told me.'

And he had not forgotten; many of the teacher's words rang in his head to-night, but he had let them slip, not all at once, but little by little. Church once a Sunday was enough for a fellow who worked hard all the week, and the Sunday outing had followed, justified, in Ted's mind; by the plea that God would not grudge a man a holiday now and then. Then it was remarked that Ted's friends were the rowdiest and worst lot of lads in the village, and thus, by easy stages, he had drifted into a life of what the world calls 'pleasure,' but the bible denounces as 'vice.' He recognized it as such to-night, and longed to free himself from the chains of sin. But could he? He pictured his life as it would be if he threw over his present companions and took up his stand for what was pure and true like Daniel; he could hope for no help at home. His mother was a poor, helpless, overworked woman, who let her boys and girls grow up as Nature, apart from grace, dictated. His father, a small brewer, cared for nothing but his beer and his profits, and Ted's work was to drive round the casks of freshly-brewed ale to the small public-houses which his father supplied; and, so long as he kept up a pretty brisk sale, his father made no inquiry as to whether his son came in drunk or sober. He

was not often drunk, but he was almost habitually muddled at the end of one of his rounds, when at each 'public-house' he had either to 'treat' or be 'treated.' Already the marks of his heavy drinking were to be traced on the poor fellow's face, which had once been so fair to look upon. To be like Daniel meant giving up his drink as well as his friends. Ted sprang to his feet, nerved by a sudden impulse, to go and talk to Mr. Sharman, who was a stranger to him, and tell him of his longing to begin a fresh and better life; but at the vicarage gate he paused.

'He'd be like the rest of 'em; he'd want me to sign the pledge, and I don't say as I won't. But I'll have a try on my own account first,' he said to himself.

He remembered, too, how Mr. Sharman had told those who were conscious of having sinned to confess to God himself upon their knees, and, for the first time for many years, Ted knelt down that night in his garret; and, though the lips, untrained in prayer, spoke words that were few and incoherent, who can doubt that they reached the ear of the Almighty Father, always ready to welcome the sinner who repents? Nor did the night dissipate Ted's steadfast purpose of leading a new life. He said the Lord's Prayer out loud when he was ready dressed for his work.

'And I'll not touch a drop to-day,' he said, 'Daniel didn't and I won't neither.' And the very resolution seemed to make him more of a man.

'Look sharp, lad; you've got a long round to-day,' said his father, when Ted went into the yard after breakfast. 'I've told Smith to go along with you to help heave out the casks; and there's empties to bring back, too.'

'I could have done it alone,' replied Ted, not too graciously.

Smith was his father's foreman, who could drive a hard bargain and brew excellent beer, but he was not to be trusted where drink was concerned. He was jealous of Ted who would be very soon able to take his place, and he never lost an opportunity of ridiculing him or doing him a bad turn; and to-day, with his newly formed resolution fresh in his heart, Ted specially dreaded the man's gibes.

'Look here, gov'nor! am I to boss the show, or the young 'un here?' asked Smith, jocosely, as he climbed up to the front of the dray, 'for sometimes when we're out together he fancies himself the master.'

'Settle it between yourselves,' laughed Parker. 'Turn and turn about, I should say; but mind and bring back plenty of orders.'

For the sake of peace and quietness Ted let his companion map out the day's route. They ought to have been back easily by four o'clock, but Smith's potations were exceptionally heavy, and at each public-house where he called he lingered longer, receiving Ted's remonstrances with loud laughter.

'Turned saint all of a sudden,' he said, when, late in the afternoon, Ted, jumping from the dray, took him firmly by the arm, and insisted on continuing their homeward course, 'Look at him!' pointing with a drunken finger. 'Nothing but cold water all day! Want's to get 'ome to his mammy and his tea.'

The sally was received with a roar of laughter from the knot of men who stood outside the inn door, and Ted flushed to the hair.

'You can come or stay,' he said, 'I'll spend no more time waiting for a drunken brute like you!' and he sprang back into the cart and took the reins in his hand.

Smith purpled with passion, and broke

into a volley of oaths as he clambered to the seat by Ted's side.

'My turn, my turn!' he shouted, struggling for the reins. 'You wants to go, do you, you infernal fool! You shall go, straight enough to the devil!'

Ted tried bravely enough to keep command of his horses, but although he was sober and Smith drunk, he was no match for the man. The grip that closed over his hands was like a vice, and compelled him to give up the reins. In the struggle Smith had fallen from his seat, and slipped down in the dray with his back supported against an undelivered cask of beer, but he had possession of the whip, which he was laying brutally across the horses, who broke into a wild gallop. The pace at which they were speeding along the road was simply fearful, and Ted resolved that at the next public-house at which they stopped he would give his companion the slip and get on home without him.

'Smith,' he shouted, trying to make himself heard above the crashing of the wheels, 'Don't be a fool! a joke's a joke; but we've got to stop at the Royal Oak to deliver the rest of the beer, and we're close there. Pull up, can't you?'

'We're goin' 'ome,' reiterated Smith, with drunken glee, whipping up the horses to further speed as the sign of the Royal Oak appeared in sight. 'You shall have your way, my lad,' and the dray swayed from side to side of the road like a ship in a storm, and Ted felt as they flew past the inn that they were speeding to accident or death. A mile further on there was a sudden turn in the road. Even at a slow pace Ted knew that it required care to guide the heavy dray round it, and at this headlong speed it meant either rushing headlong into the wall that faced them, or upsetting the dray at the corner. In a few minutes that intervened before they arrived there, Ted chose his line of action. To keep the horses in a straight course would mean the hopeless injury of the horses, and the probable death of both Smith and himself. If he could in any way divert them there would be an upset and broken bones maybe, but perhaps no loss of life; and Ted marked with a watchful eye the hedges as they flew past him, reserving himself for the final effort to obtain possession of the reins when the fatal corner came near; then with all the force that was left in him he threw himself on his companion, who, unprepared for the suddenness of the attack, dropped the whip, but still held on to the reins; but Ted held on too, winding them round his wrist till they cut into his flesh, trying vainly to guide the maddened horses safely round the corner. In another instant he was conscious of a crash, of a sensation of being hurled like a sky-rocket through the air, and then a blank! He did not know whether minutes or hours had passed when he regained consciousness, but an awful weight on his lower limbs pinned him to the earth, and an agony beyond description brought beads of perspiration to his brow. By his side knelt Smith, sobered by the shock, and then Ted remembered what had happened, and knew that a cask of beer had rolled out of the dray upon him, and was crushing the life out of him.

'Can't you heave it off, old man?' he asked, gently, and something like a sob broke from Smith, as clumsily but tenderly he tried to obey Ted's bidding; but no power could keep back the cry of pain that sprang from Ted's white lips.

'Are you hurt, or the horses?' he asked, presently.

'No; God knows why not; but it's only you. Dray's broke and the harness, but there are two fellows here as 'ull lend a hand.'

"Just get me home as quick and quiet as you can," said Ted, faintly.

Two hours later he lay upon a hastily-improvised bed in the sitting-room of his home. Blue lines were round his lips, and his restless eyes searched the kind faces that bent over him, reading the doctor's verdict. The kind, rough man had been and gone, anxious that Ted should not see the tears he could not keep out of his eyes.

"Dead in a few hours," he said. "There is not an organ in his body that isn't crushed into a jelly."

Mrs. Parker, too bewildered to cry, sat wiping her son's forehead.

"How long, mother, how long does he give me?" asked Ted, hoarsely. "There's somebody as I'd like to see. Ain't Smith near by? He'd fetch him, maybe."

Smith, who stood by the fire crying like a child, moved towards the bed. Ted was going to tell them all that it was his (Smith's) fault that this thing had happened.

"Can't you fetch Mr. Sharman, him as preached on Sunday night? I want to see him." And then Smith gathered that the secret of how the accident occurred was to die with Ted. "You'll hurry up! I haven't long to live," continued Ted.

And Smith did hurry, and as he drove Mr. Sharman back to the home of the dying lad he told him the story.

"It were my fault," he said, "but you'll find Ted doesn't mean to peach. He'll die game."

And thus Smith made his queer confession.

Ted, meanwhile, lay with a brain whose power seemed quickened into greater activity than usual by the helplessness of the rest of his powers. It was very awful to lie there and gaze into eternity; and last night he had meant it to be all different, and here was the end of his good resolutions. God had given him no chance of being a Daniel, but he would have liked to have told Mr. Sharman about it before he died, and he found himself praying that he might live long enough to see him; and then as the prayer framed itself, the cottage door was gently pushed open and the man of his prayers knelt beside him. Ted's eyes were glazing fast, but a shadowy smile of welcome passed over his drawn face.

"Alone," he whispered, "I want to speak to you alone," and at a signal from the clergyman the room was cleared.

"I was there last night; you gave me a hymn-book, don't you remember," said Ted, with painful effort.

Mr. Sharman passed his arm under the boy's head and raised it.

"Yes, I saw you; I don't think I've seen you before."

"I thought I'd like to tell you that if I'd lived I'd meant to have a try. I don't suppose God thought me good enough, or he wouldn't have took me off so sudden."

"Good enough for what, dear lad?"

"To be a Daniel, same as you said."

"But perhaps you've tried to-day. You shielded Smith, it seems."

Ted's parched lips framed a voiceless question.

"Yes," said Mr. Sharman, catching his meaning. "Smith told me all about it, and in God's eyes there is no such thing as time. If, with all your heart and soul you turned to Christ last night and tried to follow him to-day, you're going to him now, let your past life be what it will. Who knows but that in the Home to which he calls you he will let you be trained into service as glad and loving and free as ever Daniel was."

A smile broke over the white face, momentarily chasing the look of pain.

"That's all, sir. Call back mother now; she'll fret when I am gone," and in obedience

to Ted's wish Mr. Sharman fetched back Mrs. Parker into the room.

Through the hours of the night Mr. Sharman sat by Ted's side, holding his hand through the valley of the shadow of death, soothing his pain with prayer and psalm. With the first ray of dawn Ted fell asleep with a smile upon his face. Mr. Sharman bent and kissed the lad on his forehead. Then he unclasped the dead hand from his own and turned to Ted's mother.

"Don't fret over much; the lad is gone, but it is the day of salvation. Let us pray."

Belief.

To believe—to believe alone is to live. Scepticism as a habit, as a condition, is a sign of deficient vitality. It is a vastly nobler fear which dreads lest it should lose some truth than that which trembles lest it should believe something which is not wholly true. 'Seek truth and pursue it.' Of course, seeking the truth, you will hate and avoid the lie—that goes without saying—yet not to avoid the lie, but to find the truth.—Phillips.

An Old Tale Retold.

(By the Rev. W. F. Prince, in the 'Connecticut Citizen'.)

Do you realize how large a sum of money is expended by the American people on liquor? How large as compared with that spent upon necessities? The facts have often been given in figures. Here they are in another form:



Bread, \$700,000,000.



This may help you to see that not quite twice as much is spent for liquor as for all sorts of breadstuffs.



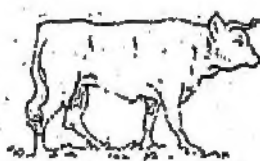
Cotton and Woollen Goods, \$550,000,000.



Twice as much is paid for liquor as for all cotton and woollen goods.



Meat, \$410,000,000.

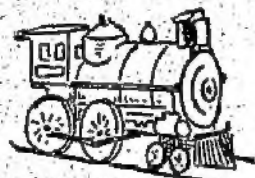


Three times as much is lost on liquor as is paid for meat.



All iron and steel made,

\$400,000,000.



It takes three times as much cash to purchase liquor as it does to buy all the iron and steel used in the country.



Boots and Shoes,

\$260,000,000



The people expend more than four times as much for liquor as for boots and shoes



Sugar and Molasses,

\$200,000,000.



Only one-sixth the sum spent for liquor is expended for sugar and molasses.



Tea, Coffee, and Chocolate,

\$190,000,000.



Liquor costs six times as much as all the tea, coffee and chocolate used by the people of this country.



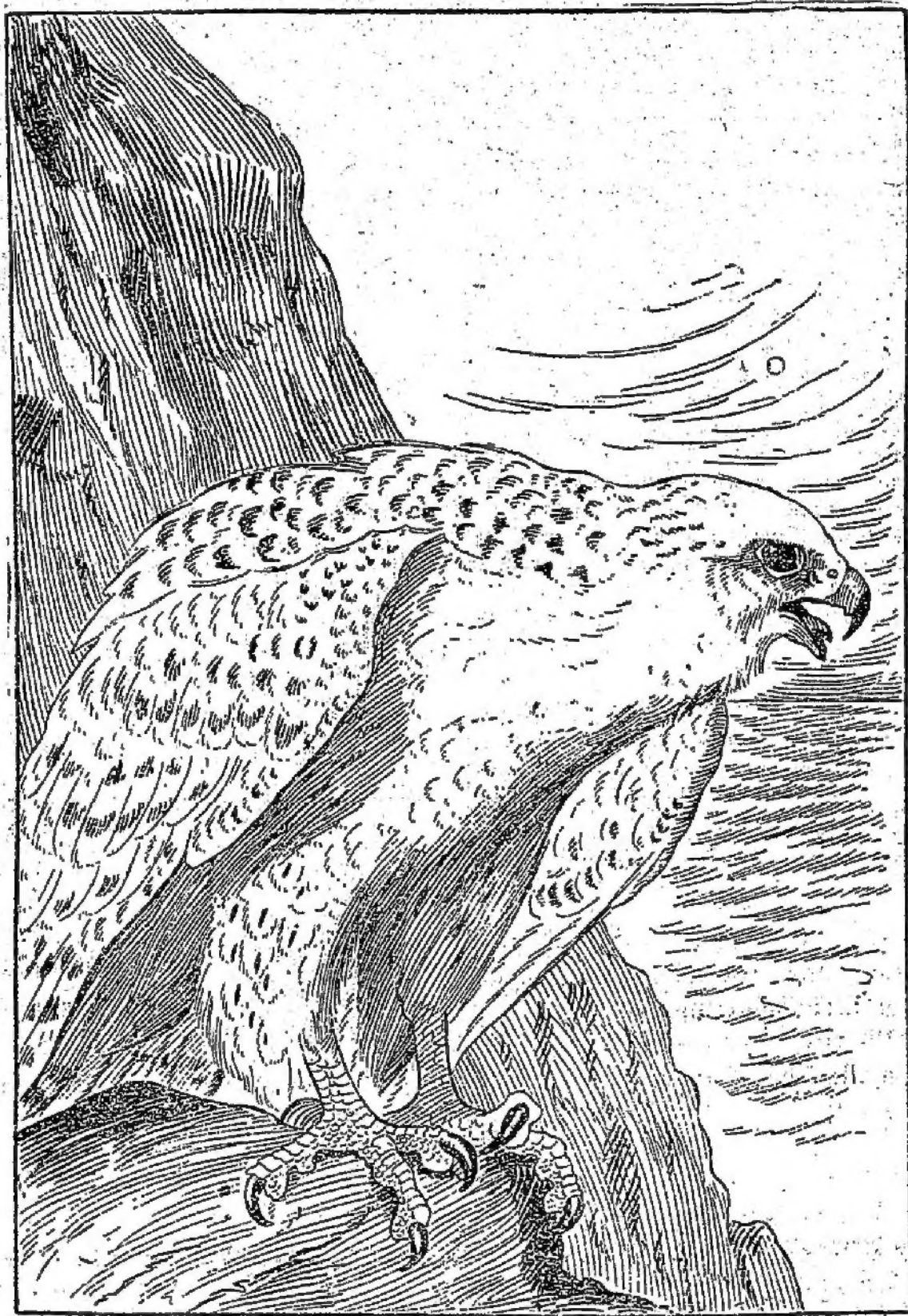
Education,

\$125,000,000.



And for schools the intelligent people of the United States actually put forth about one-ninth of the money that they pour down their throats in the form of intoxicating drinks.

LITTLE FOLKS



A FALCON.

Indoor Sunshine.

'Old Uncle Zeke thinks he knows all about the weather, mamma,' said Jessie.

'Yes, he is what people call weatherwise.'

'He says he can tell by the shape of the clouds when the weather is going to change.'

'Yes, dear, many people can do that.'

'I can tell things about the weather, too,' said Faith. 'When the sky is bright and red at night it's going to be a fine day to-morrow.'

'Susan has her way of telling about the weather,' said Jessie. 'When I was in the kitchen to-day the cat was washing her face, and she said that was a sure sign of rain.'

'I know another of Susan's signs,' said Harry. 'She says, "If it rains before seven, it'll clear before eleven."'

'I know a pretty one that Cousin Grace told me,' said Jessie. 'She says that when the robin redbreast flies straight to the top of a tree and sings and chirps with all his might, the next day will surely be fine.'

'That is pretty,' said mamma, 'but I know a prettier sign than that.'

'What is it, mamma?'

'Only my sign is not a mere out-of-door weather sign. It means the weather in the house.'

'What do you mean, mamma?'

'When Jessie and Faith laugh and sing merrily over their little work in the morning, it is a pretty sure sign of fine, bright, weather in the house all day.'

'Oh, mamma!'

'Yes, indeed, my dearies. For when you laugh and sing it means that you are kind and cheery. That makes little brother glad, too, so he laughs and crows. And when all

the little ones are glad, it makes mamma glad, too. So the song and the laugh and the gladness go back and forth from one to the other until the whole house is full of sunshine. And one good thing about it is, that while we cannot make the outdoor weather what we like, we can always make sunshine indoors.

'Oh, why don't we do it always?' said Faith.

'Let's try,' said Jessie.

Couldn't other little ones try it?

—'Mayflower.'

A Very Short Fable of a Foolish Fly.

A silly young fly once fell into a pail of rich cream. Greatly frightened, he put forth a strong effort and flew up again; but in so doing he got a taste of the cream, which was so good he hesitated as he neared the top of the pail.

'Ah!' he said, 'that was pretty good, and I got out pretty easy. I believe I'll try for another taste. It's a little dangerous, I know, but my feet are nimble, I think I can keep my balance, and my wings are quick, I can easily get away if there is any danger.' So he made a dive back to the inviting feast.

But, alas, this time, he went too eagerly, and before he knew it he jumped in head first. His 'nimble feet' sank into the soft, yellow crust and his 'quick wings' when once wet were too heavy to do his bidding. The foolish fly was in a fair way to perish from his rash greediness, had it not been for a not too friendly hand that fished him out just then and flung him far out into the grass.

As he sat drying his wings he muttered to himself: 'What has been done once cannot always be done again and I see plainly that when one once gets out of danger, the safest plan is to keep out.'—'Christian Observer.'

'What's the Use.'

What's the use of fretting?

What's the use of crying?

What the use of dreading?

What's the use of sighing?

What's to come will come—

Now that there's no denying;

And what is past, is past—

To that there's no replying.

To make the present beautiful.

Is what we should be trying,

In kindly words and noble deeds

With one another vying.

So let's have smiles instead of sighs,

And all our tears be drying.

—'St. Nicholas.'

A Morning Guest.

'Guess what came into my tent this morning, Jack,' said cousin Harriet.

'Rikki,' said Jack, climbing into the hammock beside her.

'No; it wasn't the squirrel. It was a little baby bird. Cuddle up still, and I will tell you about it. I was fast asleep, when I was awakened by a fluttery noise. I opened my eyes, and there was a birdie hovering over my head. I lay quite still; and in a minute it was tired, for it didn't know how to fly very well. It lit on my pillow, and then it hopped on my cheek. There it stayed, as happy as could be, till there was a twittering outside. I knew it must be the mother bird, looking for her baby; and I watched to see what would happen. The little one hopped all over the bed, but could see no way out of the tent, and it was too tired to fly. It chirped and called to its mother; but she, poor thing, didn't know how to get in. So I reached out and gently lifted the side of the tent, and there was the mother bird, sure enough. She flew in a little way, and then she must have remembered that the baby would be hungry, for she darted off, and in another minute came back with a worm. She flew right up on the bed, and dropped the nice, fat worm into the wee birdie's mouth. The little bird was so glad to see its mother and the worm tasted so good that it got all rested, and they both flew away home together.'

'That's pretty nice,' said Jack, squirming out of the hammock. 'Then what did you do?'

'Oh,' laughed cousin Harriet, 'I went to sleep again.'—'Christian.'

Little Paul Pry.

Little Paul Preston was such an inquisitive boy that big brother Fred nicknamed him Paul Pry.

He always wanted to see every book and every paper, and to peep into all the boxes and bundles that came into the house.

One morning his mamma went shopping, and when she came home she put a tiny brown paper bag away up on the highest sideboard shelf.

'What's in that bag, mamma, and who's going to have it?' asked Paul.

'It's for Mrs. Bancroft,' answered mamma, 'and you mustn't touch it. Remember, Paul,' she added decidedly, as she left the room.

'It's red and hot as fire,' said sister Kate, 'and water never puts it out; it only makes it burn worse than ever, so mind mamma, Paul.'

No matter where Paul went or what he was doing, all that long afternoon, he kept thinking of that brown paper bag up on the sideboard.

'I guess I'll go into the dining-room and look at it,' he said, as he saw Mrs. Bancroft coming around the corner. 'She's going to take that bag home with her right now, and then I'll never see it again!'

So into the house he ran, and stood up in baby's high chair and felt the bag.

'Kate said it was as hot as fire,' he said, contemptuously. 'It's just like every paper bag—candy bags and all!'

He opened the bag a little and looked in. Then he drew a long breath. 'It's nothing but—Achew! Achew! Achew! O mamma!' he screamed.

Poor little Paul! It was nothing but a bit of red pepper, but oh, how he sneezed and how the great tears rolled down his cheeks from his poor little smarting eyes.

'I'll never peep into anything ever again!' he moaned.

Because

Little Paul Pry
Went in for to spy,
And got some red pepper
Right into his eye!

asked mamma, as she kissed her little boy, who felt that this experience was enough for a life.—*Youth's Companion.*

Ask And It Shall Be Given To You.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

(By Lucy Elliot Keeler.)

A little boy and girl in the Orient, children of the missionaries, wished ardently for bicycles, and broached the subject to their mother. She replied that she had no money to buy them, but that God was rich and willing, and that they might ask him as freely as they had her. And they did, as freely, as simply and as trustingly, feeling that though he too might refuse, it would be for other reasons than a restricted purse.

A few weeks afterward a visitor from America, bearing a letter of introduction to the parents, asked one day that the little boy might dine with her at the hotel; and he,

out of the courteous friendliness of his heart, carried his collection of stamps to amuse her and a collection of duplicates, for he knew little boys in America shared his hobby, and she might have some sons or nephews or cousins of her own. He explained in one place that his stamps were not arranged properly, because he lacked the right kind of album, and he urged her to help herself from his duplicates. She did so, and at parting handed him an envelope, saying that he might open it when he got home, and perhaps it would assist towards the album.

The boy hurried back to tell his mother of his wonderful visit. For the time the envelope was forgotten, but when opened a hundred-dollar bill dropped out. He dashed into his sister's bedroom, waking her and flourishing the bill.

'Bicycles!' she exclaimed.

'Bicycles, of course!' he returned; and they thanked the Lord together.—'Child's Paper.'

Whosoever.

There were children on the floor,
Conning Bible verses o'er;

'Which word, all the Bible through,
Do you love best?' queried Sue.

'I like Faith the best,' said one;
'Jesus is my word alone.'

'I like Hope,' and 'I like Love,'
'I like heaven, our home above.'

One, more smaller than the rest—
'I like Whosoever best;

'Whosoever, that means all,
Even me who am so small.'

Whosoever! Ah! I see;
That's the word for you and me.

'Whosoever will,' may come,
Find a pardon and a home.
—'Sunbeam.'

A Word To Boys.

Please don't kill birds or rob their nests.

Don't abuse the cats, but shelter and feed them.

Be kind to the dogs, and give them water.

Don't jerk, kick, whip, or overwork your horse.

Don't dog or stone the cows.

Don't fish or hunt for sport, or use steel or other cruel traps.

When you see any creature in need, please give it food and water.
—'Sunday Hour.'



LESSON XII.—MARCH 19.

Christ the Good Shepherd.

John x., 1-16. Memory verses, 14-16. Study the whole chapter. Compare Psa. xxiii.; Heb. xiii., 20; I. Pet. v., 4.

Golden Text.

'I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.'—John x., 11.

Home Readings.

M. John x., 1-10.—Christ the Good Shepherd.
T. John x., 11-18.—Christ the Good Shepherd.

W. John x., 19-31.—Safety of the sheep.
T. Ezek. xxxiv., 1-10.—Hireling shepherds.
F. Ezek. xxxiv., 11-16.—Seeing and feeding.
S. Ezek. xxxiv., 22-31.—Safe folding.
S. Psalm xxiii.—My Shepherd.

Lesson Story.

Jesus is the Good Shepherd who gave his life for the sheep: we are his sheep.

Jesus is the door, the way into everlasting life; we can only come to God through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, is a thief and a robber. Only those have a right in the church of God who have come there through the blood of the Lord Jesus (Heb. x. 29, I. John i., 7.)

In Palestine the shepherds go before their flocks to lead them to the green pastures. The shepherds know the names of their own sheep, and the sheep recognize only the voice of their own keepers. The good shepherd leads, he does not drive his sheep, so our Shepherd leads us; we never come to a river than he has not already crossed for us, we never come to a mountain but he has climbed it before us. In the Garden of Gethsemane he went farther into the gloom and darkness than he has ever asked any of his followers to go.

Jesus said, 'I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pastures.' The false shepherds come only to rob and destroy the sheep but the true shepherd came that all who believe on him might have life, eternal, abundant, overflowing life. The Good Shepherd gave up his own life that his sheep might have this most abundant life.

The hireling who has no special interest in his charge cares more for his own safety than for the safety of the flock; when danger comes he runs away, preserving his body at the expense of his honor. Work done for the sake of glory or gain to oneself, instead of the glory of God, is the work of a 'hireling.' The good shepherd lays down his very life for the sheep, counting gain but loss, being 'made all things to all men' that he 'might by all means save some' (I. Cor. ix., 18-23).

The Bible-Class

'The good Shepherd.'—Psa. xxiii., 1; lxxx., 1; Isa. xl., 11; xlix., 10; Ezek. xxxiv., 11-17, 23-30; Matt. xxv., 32; Mark vi., 34; I. Pet. ii., 21-25.

'The hireling.'—Isa. lvi., 10-12; Jer. i., 6, 7; Ezek. xxxiv., 2-10; Zech. xi., 3-5, 15-17.

'Sheep.'—Psa. lxxviii., 52; lxxix., 13; xcv., 7; c., 3; cxix., 176; Isa. lili., 6; Matt. x., 6, 16; xii., 11, 12; xxv., 31-33.

Lesson Hymn.

The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack since I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thyself before to guide me.

—H. W. Baker, 1863.

Suggestions.

This parable was probably spoken to the Pharisees, who had that very day excommunicated a man for believing on Jesus. The priests and Pharisees were the false shepherds or hirelings, who cared more for their own wealth and grandeur than for the good of the souls over which they professed to have charge. They were the thieves and robbers who enriched themselves at the expense of the flock.

The good Shepherd leads his flock. The path may lie over rugged mountains or through deep waters and rushing torrents, but we cannot turn back, we are only safe to follow our Guide and 'he goeth before.' The way may seem steep and dreary, but it leads to green pastures and still waters, and the pathway is lighted by love and cheered by the presence of our Guide. The following illustrations are quoted from 'Arnold's Practical Commentary':

'Jesus is the door out of slavery into freedom, out of sin into holiness, out of the field into the fold, out of earth into heaven. In a small Scotch town, some boys met in a certain room for prayer. A little girl passing heard them sing, and thinking it an ordinary meeting, would have gone in, but found the door fastened. As she walked away she thought, "What if this were the door of heaven, and I outside?" She went home, but could not sleep. Day after day her heart ached at the thought of being shut out of heaven. She went from one meeting to another, but nothing she heard helped her. At length, reading her Bible, the Holy Spirit directed her eye to the words, "I am the door." Again and again she read the verse. She saw Jesus as the wide open door, entered and found rest.'

'A Syrian traveller came to a well where three shepherds were watering their flocks. They were so closely clustered about the well, it was impossible to distinguish the sheep belonging to any of the three. Presently one shepherd rose and called, "Menah," "Follow me." About thirty sheep immediately separated from the others and followed him. Soon another called sharply, "Menah, Menah," and a number of sheep left the others and went after him. The traveller asked the third shepherd to explain, and he replied, "They know the voice of their own shepherd." "But could not I induce the sheep to follow me? Lend me your cloak and crook and I will try." The shepherd lent him cloak and crook, and bound on his head his own turban. Then the traveller called, "Menah, Menah," but not a sheep moved. "Do they only follow you?" he asked. "Yes, when they are weak and sickly they will follow anyone; when they are well, they follow none but their own shepherd.'

Questions.

1. How does Jesus speak of himself in this lesson?
2. Is there more than one way to get into the kingdom of God?
3. Through whom can we come to God?
4. Can anyone stand between us and our Saviour?

Suggested Hymns.

'Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,' 'I was a wandering sheep,' 'Tenderly guide us,' 'All the way my Saviour leads me,' 'Jesus is our Shepherd,' 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' 'Jesus is tenderly calling you home,' 'I gave my life for thee.'

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

The robber often works by stealthy methods to accomplish his wicked designs (verse 1).

The Good Shepherd is known by his walk (verse 2), by his voice (verse 3), by his leadership (verses 4 and 5).

The parables of Jesus were veiled from many of his hearers (verse 6).

Jesus is the everlasting door; all other doors are temporary, and none of them lead into eternal bliss (verses 7, 9).

The Good shepherd gave his own life as a sacrifice to God that he might bestow eternal life upon all his flock (verses 10, 11).

The hireling prefers the fleece to the flock, but the Good Shepherd loves his sheep (verses 12, 15).

Gentiles also shall be gathered into the heavenly fold, for Jesus 'holds a vaster empire than hath been.'

Tiverton, Ont.

C. E. Topic.

March 19.—Self-mastery.—I. Cor. ix., 24-27. (A temperance meeting.)

Junior C. E.

March 19.—What verse in the Sermon on the Mount helps you most? Why? Matt. v., vi., vii.



The Catechism On Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON V.—THE VARIOUS KINDS OF MALT LIQUORS.

'God made man upright, but he has sought many inventions.'

The white space shows the proportion of alcohol in each glass.



What is lager beer?

Beer that goes through its last fermentation very slowly, and stands a long time.

Whence its name?

The name comes from the German verb *lag*, to lie or stand.

The story of its origin is that a German family, driven from their home by war, buried for safe keeping their most precious possession, a cask of beer, and returning after two years found it greatly improved as they thought in quality.

Is it intoxicating like other beer?

It is, just in proportion to the alcohol it contains.

What is its proportion of alcohol?

About 4 or 4½ percent.

What do you mean by percent?

So many parts in the hundred.

Percentum is a Latin phrase, meaning by or through the hundred (percent for short), and when we say lager beer has four percent alcohol, we mean that in 100 gallons of beer there would be 4 gallons of absolute alcohol.

Why have the dealers so strongly insisted that lager is not intoxicating?

So that they might sell it without license or hindrance.

In July, 1876, we find this record: 'The liquor sellers of New York have again urged in the courts their old plea that lager beer is not intoxicating, and that it does not come within the scope of the excise law.' The jury, however, and Judge Erle, decided that it was intoxicating, and its sale on Sunday was forbidden throughout the city.

What is the average proportion of alcohol in common beer?

About five percent.

What is table beer?

It is beer often brewed by British families for home use. It is sometimes called 'home-brewed beer.'

What proportion of alcohol does it contain?

Commonly from one to three percent, but in an 'extra brew' it sometimes has as much as six or seven percent.

What is spring beer?

A favorite family beer in America, made with wild shrubs and roots, yeast and molasses.

What is its range of alcohol?

From three to five percent.

It has been known to send reformed men back to their cups, and the same danger is present in all drinks that contain alcohol.

What are stout and porter?

English malt liquors containing from four to seven percent alcohol.

Porter is a dark malt liquor containing a large share of hops and four or five percent of alcohol. It is made from malt dried at a high heat to give the color. It gets its name

from its being a favorite drink with the porters of London.

What is the difference between ale and beer?

Beer generally has more hops and less sugar than ale.

Ale was formerly made without hops, but now some kinds, as bitter ale, India pale ale, and hop ale, have a large proportion of hops.

What is the strongest malt liquor?

Old English ale, which often has ten, twelve or even fourteen percent alcohol.

Grant a license to sell beer, and from that hour the drinker can get beer of any strength he desires. The dealer just pours alcohol into his beer until his customer is satisfied. — 'Story's Alcohol and its Effects.'

Which?

A gentleman going into a merchant's office was struck with the following inscription, on a postal card, nailed to his desk:

WHICH?

WIFE OR WHISKEY?

THE BABES OR THE BOTTLES?

HOME OR HELL?

'Where did you get that, and what did you nail it up there for?' he asked the merchant. 'I wrote it myself and nailed it there. Some time ago I found myself falling into the drinking habit. My business faculties were becoming dulled, my appetite failing, and I constantly craving alcoholic stimulants. I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of my children, and then I took a long look ahead. I sat down and half unconsciously wrote that inscription. Its awful revelation burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it there and read it a hundred times that afternoon. That night I went home sober. I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. You see how startling is its alliteration. I have no literary proclivities. I regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings. One from the altar, one from the cradle, and the third and the last from —' Here the man solemnly shook his head and resumed his work.

Swearing on Soda Water.

District Commissioner Major Leonard and Mr. James, his assistant, of the Niger Coast Protectorate, were the first white people who ever visited the city of Bendi. At several of the towns and villages on the way the officers had to swear 'country fashion,' or 'Ju, Ju.' The people of the district were cannibals. The gallant major's 'Ju Ju' were bottles of soda-water, which the natives had never seen before. Major Leonard, at the proper moment in the ceremony, let the soda-water cork fly with a report, after which he swore friendship with the natives. The report of the bottles had a marvellous effect on the natives.

The Cause.

He who does not begin with wine and beer is not likely to end with brandy and whisky. He who never lives among wine-bibbers will not die among whiskey-drinkers. 'Beer does it,' a police-sergeant said to a bystander one day in the police-station. 'Does what?' was the question. 'It starts them. Do you see that woman?' He pointed to a woman, not yet old, but bent and crooked. Her dress of the poorest quality, was bedraggled, soiled, and ragged. Her face was seamed with lines of dissipation and her brown hair hung in a matted mass down her back. She leaned heavily against the sergeant's desk and looked around her defiantly. 'Mary,' the sergeant said, 'what is it this time?' 'Nothin'.' 'What is it, officer?' 'Drunk and disorderly.' 'Take her downstairs.' Then again addressing the gentleman, the sergeant said, 'Ten years ago Mary was one of the prettiest girls in the ward. Her wedding was the event of the season.' 'What was the cause of her downfall?' 'Beer started her. John, her husband—he was divorced from her years ago—used to bring home beer in the evenings, and she got to like it too well. Now she will drink stale beer in tin cans if she cannot get whiskey or rum. I tell you beer starts most of them. Out of fifty arrested here last summer I found that thirty of them got their first taste for liquor from beer.'

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—We have on hand a great many letters, and we want to print them all so that no one will be disappointed. As soon as those which were sent in for January have all appeared, we will announce the prize-winner, and begin to count for the next prize. I am sure you each wish all the other letter-writers to have as good a chance as you have, and you will quite understand why your letters cannot be printed the very week they are sent in. Any letters sent in now may have to wait a month before they can be printed, because we have so many on hand already.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Breaside.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and I thought I would like to write a letter when I saw others. Some that I know write in the 'Messenger.' I have three brothers and no sisters. One of my brothers live with my uncle on a farm in Beekwith. We live in a village on the bank of the Ottawa; there is a large sawmill here; in summer it is a busy little place; in winter it is dull; but we have a nice rink; there is a large school with two teachers. I am in the Third Reader. There is a grand hill here to go sleigh-driving on. I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger,' and my brother reads them too. I will be glad when spring comes, it is so much nicer in summer. Last summer we went to visit a friend of ours, who lives across at Narraway Bay. It is a great camping place; we used to go down to the river every day and bathe; it was beautiful. I hope we shall go this summer. Our baby's name is Johnnie; he is a lively little fellow; he keeps us busy; he is just walking. Well, I will close for this time.

EDNA (aged 11).

Snider Mountain.

Dear Editor,—I think the stories in the 'Northern Messenger' are really nice. I have four sisters and four brothers; the baby is named 'Erna.' We live on a farm. I have twenty-three hens to take care of this winter, and expect it will keep me quite busy.

BESSIE (aged 12).

Ancaster.

Dear Editor,—I live in a village, which is very nice indeed. We have three dogs, but only one I call my own. His name is Triple, and he is a little pug and very funny. I have a cat and bird, their names are Tom and Dick. I used to have another bird, but it got drowned in its bath. I have two sisters and two brothers, and we have lots of fun when we are all home.

KATIE D. (aged 10).

Inwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, and my papa is a farmer. We have many cattle and a pair of twin calves, a few weeks old. My sister and I have a little black pony and a black dog. We can drive the pony almost anywhere, for she is quiet and gentle.

JAMES S. (aged 10).

Barrisua, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live near the sea shore, and can see Annet Island and Prince Edward Island on a fine day. We can see part of three counties, Cumberland, Colchester and Pictou.

CHARLES R. (aged 11).

North Clarendon, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and three sisters. We live on a farm, so we have lots of work. We live about six miles north-east of the Ottawa River; there are some nice lakes near us, and we go to bathe in the summer.

ALEX. H. H. (aged 10).

Collina, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers and four sisters. My father is a blacksmith. I go to Sunday-school, and belong to the White Rose Mission Band.

LOTTIE ELIZABETH (aged 11).

Nictaux, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live in the beautiful Annapolis valley. I have two pets: a cat, Flossie, and a hen, Topsy. I have no brothers nor sisters.

EDITH I. (aged 10).

Stratford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a lovely minister, who has endeared himself to the whole congregation. He has preached in our church for four years. Stratford is a very pretty place, with a number of factories and handsome buildings, and is situated on the River Avon.

GERTIE D.

Maple Hill.

Dear Editor,—I have six brothers and four sisters. One brother is in Manitoba. We have lots of fun in the summer playing ball. We have a good teacher, whose name is Mr. Hudson.

CLARA ETHEL (aged 9).

Carter's Point, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about fourteen miles from St. John. I have three brothers and one sister. We like the 'Messenger' very much. My brother and I go to school every day.

MAY W. (aged 7).

Ayer's Flat.

Dear Editor,—I belong to the Sunday-school, and have not missed a Sunday in two years until last summer, when I was sick. I have taken the 'Messenger' two years, and I like it very much. I have two pets, a dog, named Curly, and a cat.

UNA (aged 10).

North Middleboro, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have one brother and one sister. My papa owns a large farm. We live near a river, and in the summer we go bathing and boating. The school-house is a mile away.

NETTIE A. (aged 10).

Ralphston, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I like to live in Manitoba. I have two pets; the cat's name is Tom, and the dog's name is Ruff. I have a sister twelve years old. We have three miles to go to school; we can just go to Sunday-school in the summer months.

ELROY G. (aged 9).

Fulton Brook, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have no school here in the winter. We have Sunday-school here in the summer. My oldest sister taught the junior class and my teacher the senior class. We have it in the school-house, but we don't have any in the winter-time. My oldest sister has taken the 'Messenger' for ten years, and we could not be without it.

CLEMENTINE (aged 13).

Deseronto.

Dear Editor,—Mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for sixteen years, and would not give it up for anything. I am sure it has kept many boys from smoking and drinking by showing them that tobacco and beer weakens them, body and mind.

I went among our neighbors and friends, and got six new subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and in return you sent me a handsome silver bracelet. I am delighted with it, and thank you very much for sending it. I am going to try next year to get another prize, and get the 'Messenger' into more homes to make the children happy. I have no pets, but I have a little brother, four years old, whom I love very much. He is so happy when I come from school and play with him and show him pictures.

VIOLET (aged 9).

Listowel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—A few weeks ago my brothers George and John were with me in my bedroom. Of course, we were jumping around like boys always do, and this night we were hitting each other with the pillows and throwing them at each other. At last I threw myself on the bed, as I was out of breath. The walls of the room were as white as snow, and a lamp stood on a stand near the bed. I was lying on my elbow, and my eyes roamed over to the wall. There was a great big shadow of a hand and the shadow of my head between the large fingers, just as if it were going to be crushed by them. I looked over to the lamp, and there was John with his hand stretched out, palm downwards, so near the light that it looked like the shadow of a giant's hand on the wall. We amused ourselves with making more shadows until we were sleepy enough to say our prayers and go to bed.

Three young gentlemen went to church on Christmas evening from our house, and I had the pleasure of being one of the party. The sermon was for children, and we enjoyed it very much.

FRED.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Mother's Error.

(By Julia A. Tirrell.)

Mrs. Brooks was a devoted mother. She earnestly desired to perform her whole duty by the children God had given her. A large part of that duty seemed to be making home attractive.

In a certain sense she was right. Home should be the most attractive place on earth to any boy or girl; but whether it be so or not, depends upon the tastes and education of the child as much as upon the home itself.

Mrs. Brooks had never been decided with her children. 'She could never bear to punish them,' she sometimes said. Warm-hearted, generous Harry had always been allowed to choose his own associates. I need not say that they were not all desirable companions. The very qualities that made him beloved rendered him an easy prey to designing, unprincipled young men, and Harry was fast acquiring injurious tastes and habits.

Louise—dreamy, imaginative Louise—cared little for society. She delighted in books. Not, I am sorry to say, in healthful, instructive books, but those of the sentimental, romantic type.

One day Mrs. Brooks awoke to the fact that, in spite of all her indulgence, these children were growing away from her and home. Something must be done. A little wonders. The woman was well educated. A wholesome authority might have achieved suitable course of reading, selected and insisted upon, might have helped both boy and girl. More music, a hundred useful, interesting employments, could have been easily improvised to fill up the long winter evenings; but when any of these were proposed, Harry and Louise objected, and Mrs. Brooks listened to the objections. She loved her boy and girl. Home must be made attractive. What would they enjoy most?

All Louise asked was to read what she liked best. That seemed simple. An easy request to grant. Harry hesitated. Finally he said he could see no harm in a game of cards, and why not indulge in a private dancing party now and then? Mrs. Brooks was troubled. She was a church member. 'But,' Harry urged, 'there are ever so many church members who do those things.' The mother hesitated, then yielded. Home must be made attractive to the children, even at the cost of a few conscientious scruples. These amusements at home would keep Harry and Louise from the evil companionship they would find in them elsewhere, and, after all, the association of these things were their chief objection.

Time passed on. Harry had gone to the city—was clerk in a store. The old taste for cards and dancing, and similar amusements, had grown and strengthened with his growth and strength. It led him into society where at first he would have blushed to have been seen. 'My mother allowed those things, and she was a church member,' he often said to himself, in excuse, as he plunged deeper and deeper into excesses.

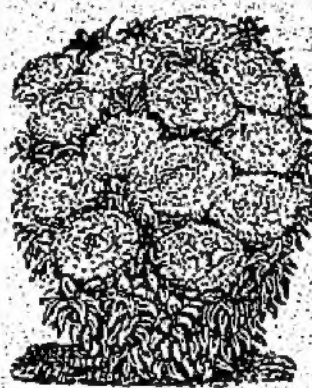
But I need not prolong the story of his career. It is too often told in our daily papers. Evil companions, expensive habits, great temptations, forgery, and a felon's cell. And all this might have been prevented had the mother's hand been one of restraint as well as caress; had the voice that called him 'darling,' uttered also 'shall not!'

Mrs. Brooks thought her cup of sorrow full. There were other woes in store. Louise was with her, but seemed too much immersed in her own states of mind to think of anyone else. She was morbid and hysterical, would shut herself up alone for hours at a time, and was very little company or comfort to the mother. One day Louise was absent from breakfast. No one thought it strange. She had not made her appearance at dinner-time and Mrs. Brooks sought her room. It was empty. A note lay on the table. Suicide was the terrible thought that flashed upon her as she staggered backward.

It was not suicide, however, but scarcely less dreadful seemed the words of the note. The girl had, without one parting kindly word, left home and mother to bury herself in a convent—and she must allow it! Louise had reached an age when she could command her own acts.

And so to-day the mother sits alone, and

NEW SNOWDRIFT PINKS.



SEEDS

1. Beet, Eclipse, round.
2. Beet, Egyptian, flat round.
3. Cabbage, Winningstadt.
4. Cabbage, Fottler's Brunswick.
5. Carrot, half-long Danvers scarlet.
6. Carrot, Oxheart or Guerand scarlet.
7. Cucumber, Chicago Pickling.
8. Cucumber, Long Green.
9. Celery, Golden Self-Blanching.

10. Herbs, Sage.
11. Herbs, Savory.
12. Herbs, Marjoram.
13. Lettuce, Nonpareil.
14. Lettuce, Denver Market (curled).
15. Musk Melon, extra early Huckensack (Nutmeg).
16. Water Melon, Early Canada.
17. Onion, large red Wethersfield.
18. Onions, Yellow Globe Danvers.
19. Parsnip, Hollow Crown.
20. Radish, French Breakfast.

21. Radish, Rony Gem, white tipped.
22. Squash, Hubbard.
23. Tomato, extra early Atlantic.
24. Tomato, Dwarf Champion.

FLOWERS.

25. Asters, mixed.
26. Mignonette, sweet.
27. Pansy, mixed.
28. Petunia, mixed.
29. Nasturtiums, tall, mixed.
30. Sweet Peas, fine mixed.
31. Wild Flower, garden, mixed.

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WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

sighs over what she terms 'a mysterious dispensation of providence. 'It would not have seemed so strange,' she sometimes says, 'if I had been like some mothers; but I always tried to have them enjoy life, and to make home attractive to them.'—'Church and Home.'

Love of Dress.

The Rev. Josiah Leeds, of Philadelphia, after quoting a justice of the criminal courts of New York as to the evil caused by love of dress, speaks of the influence of one woman in this matter. This young lady came to a small city, and took a position as teacher in a public school. While so engaged she became acquainted with a couple who were Christians, but who were in such indigent circumstances, that they thought their attire not good enough to wear to church. The young teacher at once removed the plume from her hat, and, later, dressed in a plain print gown, accompanied the couple to the place of worship. She subsequently became the wife of a judge who was also a railway president. The account concerning her concluded: 'She still kept up her plain attire at church, and occupied her abundant leisure in going about among the poor. From the most dressy church in the city we have become the plainest, and from a church of almost exclusively wealthy people we have a large membership among the working classes. Our coldness and pride have been replaced by enthusiasm for the Lord's work. The present prosperity of the church is all due, under God, to the influence for twenty years of that sensible, amiable woman.'

Selected Recipes.

Welsh Rarebit.—Half a cup of milk, two cups of cheese, crumbled or grated, quarter teaspoonful of baking soda, half teaspoonful of salt, yolks of two eggs. Put the milk, cheese and soda in a granite saucepan and cook till the cheese melts, but do not let it boil; take from the fire and add the yolks and salt. Spread on fresh toasted bread, buttered and cut in squares or oblongs. A simpler preparation under the same name is made with toasted bread softened ever so slightly with boiling water and covered with grated cheese, then put in the oven till the cheese is melted.

Soft Toast.—Some invalids like this very much indeed, and nearly all do when it is nicely made. Toast well, but not too brown, a couple of thin slices of bread; put them on a warm plate, and pour over boiling water; cover quickly with another plate of the same size, and drain the water off; remove the upper plate, butter the toast, put it in the oven one minute, and then cover again with a hot plate and serve at once.

West Riding Pudding.—Line a deep pie-dish with good puff paste, and cover the bottom with two kinds of preserves—as peach and ginger, or apple and raspberry. Take two eggs and their weight in sugar, butter and flour. Rub together the butter and sugar, and the eggs, beaten light, the flour and a half-teaspoonful of baking powder. Pour this into the dish on the preserves, and bake to a good brown. Brush the crust with the yolk of an egg three minutes before taking from the oven.

Quick Biscuits.—One quart of flour and

ADVERTISEMENTS.

12 Varieties for 25c. Take your choice. Guaranteed to please you. Full size pkts. all post paid.

10. Herbs, Sage.
11. Herbs, Savory.
12. Herbs, Marjoram.
13. Lettuce, Nonpareil.
14. Lettuce, Denver Market (curled).
15. Musk Melon, extra early Huckensack (Nutmeg).
16. Water Melon, Early Canada.
17. Onion, large red Wethersfield.
18. Onions, Yellow Globe Danvers.
19. Parsnip, Hollow Crown.
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one tablespoonful each of salt, baking powder and lard, add milk till it can just be stirred with a spoon. Gently place one spoonful at a time in a floured tin, so they will not touch. Bake in a hot oven and they will rise and be found splendid, and very quickly made.—'Housekeeper.'

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